MARVEL COMICS

PETER PARKER™ SPIDER-MAN®

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

#21

WWW.MARVEL.COM

JENKINS
BUCKINGHAM
GREEN

TUESDAY THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

SOMETIME AROUND BREAKFAST...

I'M SUPPOSED TO *BE* SOMEWHERE.

I MEAN, *YOU* KNOW... SOMEWHERE ELSE BUT *HERE*. THE RENT'S DUE IN THREE DAYS. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING FOR A DECENT JOB, OR TAKING SNAPSHOTS FOR JONAH.

NOT TO MENTION ATTENDING TO MY *OTHER* LIFE -- THE ONE WHERE I FLIT AROUND THE MEAN STREETS DRESSED AS A SPIDER, RIGHTING WRONGS, PUNCHING THUGS AND MAKING THE STREETS SAFE FOR, LIKE *DEMOCRATS*, OR SOMETHING.

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE TAKING *CARE* OF THINGS. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A *HERO*.

NUT + NUT CRUNCH

SO WHAT AM I DOING *HERE*?

AT A DEMONSTRATION ON RADIATION, HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER FROM WHICH HE GAINED THE ARACHNID'S INCREDIBLE ABILITIES. WHEN A BURGLAR KILLED HIS BELOVED UNCLE BEN, A GRIEF-STRICKEN PETER VOWED TO USE HIS GREAT POWERS IN THE SERVICE OF HIS FELLOW MAN, BECAUSE HE LEARNED AN INVALUABLE LESSON: WITH GREAT POWER MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

PETER PARKER, SPIDER-MAN! A DAY IN THE LIFE

Writer
PAUL JENKINS

Penciler
MARK BUCKINGHAM

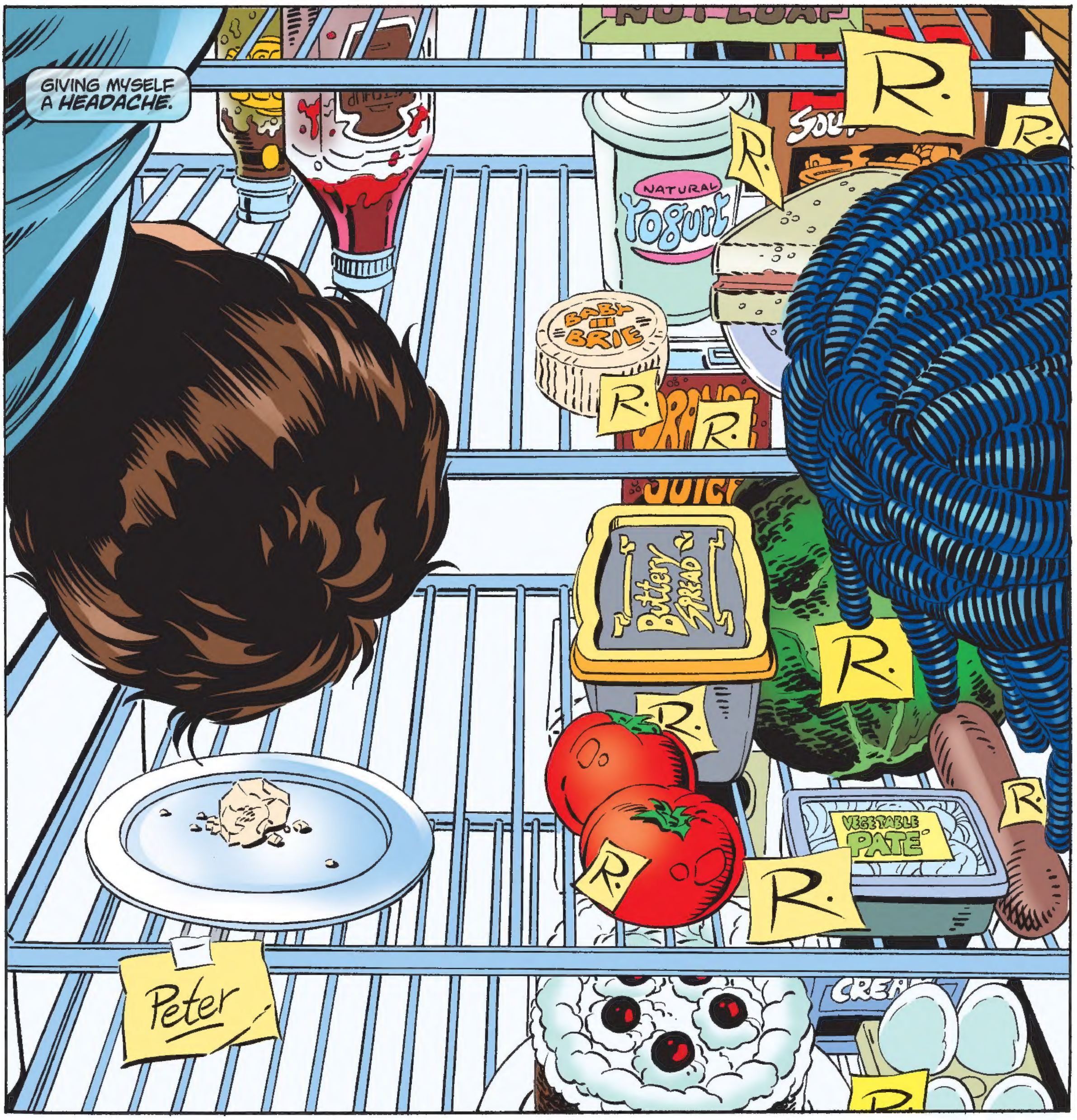
Inkers
DAN GREEN & RODNEY RAMOS

Colors
JOE ROSAS

Letters
RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT'S TROY PETERI

Editor
RALPH MACCHIO

Editor in Chief
BOB HARRAS



© 2017 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT RAIDED BY *AUSTRALIANS.*

SOUP

150g

BBQ

ORANGE

DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE APPARENT WILDERNESS THAT IS *MY* SIDE OF THE FRIDGE, COMPADRE -- IT'S ALL PART OF MY NEW *MINIMALIST* APPROACH TO FOOD.

SEE, I NEED THE SPACE FOR MY LATEST SCIENCE EXPERIMENT. THIS MAY *LOOK* LIKE A PIECE OF CHEESE, BUT IT'S ACTUALLY A PIECE OF SUPERINTELLIGENT GREEN MOLD I'VE BEEN CULTIVATING.

I RAISED HIM FROM WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE PIECE OF LIMBURGER. HIS NAME'S *KEVIN* -- I'M THINKING OF KEEPING HIM.

WEIRDO.

YOU'LL REGRET THAT WHEN I WIN THE NOBEL PRIZE, ROBERTSON.

SO WHAT'S THE *DEAL* -- YOU FINALLY GONNA GRACE US WITH YOUR PRESENCE DOWN AT THE CLUB TONIGHT?

I FIGURED WE COULD SHOOT SOME POOL, MAYBE LOSE ON PURPOSE TO ALL THE CUTE GIRLS --

NAH, I'LL PASS. SOME *OTHER* NIGHT, HUH?

LOOK, PETE... IT AIN'T MY PLACE TO TELL YOU YOUR BUSINESS, RIGHT? I'M JUST TRYIN' TO BE A FRIEND IS ALL.

MAYBE IT'S TIME TO TAKE A FEW STEPS BACK INTO REAL LIFE. COME DOWN TO THE CLUB. HAVE A GOOD TIME.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO *FORGET* MARY JANE -- WHY NOT PRETEND SHE'S STILL IN THE BATHROOM FIXIN' HER *HAIR?*

I DON'T KNOW IF I'M *READY* YET. SORRY.

I THINK ABOUT HER EVERY *DAY*, RANDY -- NOT KNOWING WHAT REALLY *HAPPENED* WITH HER, IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF WEIRD ITCH THAT I CAN'T SCRATCH.

LAST NIGHT, I WOKE UP AND I COULD'VE SWORN SHE WAS LYING THERE NEXT TO ME, *BREATHING* -- I EVEN STARTED TO SAY SOMETHING TO HER. BUT, *YOU* KNOW... SHE WAS NEVER REALLY *THERE*...

PETE, YOU STOP ME WHEN I CROSS THE LINE, OKAY? I'M NO EXPERT, BUT C'MON... YOU'RE BEATING YOURSELF *UP* HERE. LIKE WATCHING A TRAIN WRECK.

WE'RE ALL YOUR *FRIENDS*. WHY NOT COME AN' HANG OUT WITH US FOR A WHILE... IT MIGHT MAKE YOU *FEEL* BETTER.

I... I DUNNO... IT'S TOO *HARD* RIGHT NOW, RANDY. I GOT LOTS OF STUFF I NEED TO SORT OUT IN MY MIND.

THERE'S THIS ONE THING I'VE BEEN MEANING TO *DO* -- I ALWAYS MEANT TO DO IT WHEN MJ WAS HERE, BUT I PUT IT OFF... I NEVER FIGURED SHE WOULDN'T BE *AROUND*, YOU KNOW --?

OH, YEAH? SO WHAT *IS* IT?

IT'S JUST... IT'S SOMETHING I SHOULD'VE TAKEN CARE OF A *LONG* TIME AGO.

I THINK NOW MAY BE THE RIGHT *TIME*...

EARLY AFTERNOON.

LUNCHTIME.

AT LEAST, IT *WOULD* BE, IF I WASN'T SO EASILY DISTRACTED.

SOMETIMES, I WONDER HOW COME THE BAD GUYS DON'T GET HUNGRY LIKE THE REST OF US?

YOU'D FIGURE ANY *CIVILIZED* GUN-TOTING MANIAC WOULD JUST PUT THEIR WEAPONS AWAY AND COME BACK AFTER ONE PM, BUT *NO*...

I'VE JUST SPENT THE LAST HALF HOUR ON THE WALLS ABOVE ZLOTSKY'S DELI, AND I'VE WORKED UP ENOUGH SALIVA TO IRRIGATE THE GOBI DESERT. NO SURPRISE, THEN, THAT I'M JUST ABOUT TO GET A BITE TO EAT WHEN MY *SPIDER-SENSE* DECIDES TO KICK IN --

AW, *NO.*

HAPPENS EVERY *TIME.*

HEY, *YOU!* OUT OF THE GENE POOL!

ISSA SPIDER-MAN! GETTIM, BEET --!
I GOTTIM, NICK!
BDAMM
BEET? NICK? HOW APROPOS --
-- OORP!
BDAMM
-:WHUFF:- NO... HANG ON... I GOT IT --!
HAW! YOU GOT NUTHIN', YA PAJAMA-WEARIN' WEIRDO!
BDAMM
THWIP
YOU'RE RIGHT -- HOW SILLY OF ME. I GOT NUTHIN', EXCEPT... OOPS... WELL, LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
AW, CRAP!

NO, NO... WHEN YOU'RE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ELDERLY, IT'S "FIDDLESTICKS!" AND "OH, DEAR ME!" HERE... LET ME *SHOW* YOU --

AWW... CRAP!

NO, NO... *WORK* WITH ME HERE...

I'LL *GIT* YOU --!

SURE, YOU WILL, NICK. *THAT'S* FOR FRIGHTENING OLD PEOPLE...

...AND *THAT'S* 'CAUSE ZLOTSKY'S JUST RAN OUT OF PASTRAMI!

YES, AND YOU'VE BEEN A CONTESTANT ON "*CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!*" THANKS FOR PLAYING -- BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

MAN... WHUT ARE YOU -- SOME KINDA *LOON?*

MENACES NO MORE! Spdeyx
HEY, IS EVERYONE OKAY HERE? SIR? MA'AM? YOU CAN COME OUT NOW.

NO THANKS NECESSARY, CITIZENS. JUST BE SURE TO TELL THE PAPERS THAT A MYSTERIOUS, GODLIKE FIGURE WITH RIPPLING MUSCLES AND A CUTE SMILE DROPPED FROM THE SKY TO SAVE THE DAY.

TELL 'EM IT WAS YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SP -- OW!
THWONK
LEAVE US ALONE, YOU MONSTER!

MAN... I GOTTA GET SOME NEW MATERIAL.

LATE AFTERNOON.

LUNCHTIME NUMBER TWO.

...AND THEN, JUST AS I RUN IN THE DOOR, A CUP OF WATER COMES CRASHING DOWN AND I'M *DRENCHED!*

...AND HE SHOUTS, "SEE? I *TOLD* YOU YOU WERE GOING TO GET WET!"

HA HA HA!

AH-HEHH... I REMEMBER THAT DAY... OF *COURSE* I DO. YOUR UNCLE BEN ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS PULLING THE WOOL OVER MY EYES, BUT HE NEVER *DID.*

YOU THINK I DIDN'T NOTICE HOW HE ALWAYS USED TO PLAY JOKES ON US EVERY TIME HE WANTED TO SKIP OUT OF DOING HIS CHORES?

I'M SO GLAD YOU AND I CAN STILL *TALK* ABOUT HIM, PETER -- HE WAS SUCH A *GOOD* MAN. AND I'M GLAD YOU CAN STILL FIND THE TIME TO HAVE LUNCH WITH YOUR BORING OLD AUNT NOW AND THEN --

YEAH, WELL...

...WHO *ELSE* IS GOING TO FORCE-FEED ME EIGHT HELPINGS OF LASAGNA IN ONE SITTING?

SKRRCH!

MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF THE NEXT *DAHNSE*, MILADY?

OH, SUCH A GENTLEMAN. JUST LIKE YOUR UNCLE.

Heaven, I'm in heaven...
...and my heart beats
so that I can hardly speak...

YOU KNOW... I ***UNDERSTAND*** WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH, PETER, BELIEVE ME. I'M NOT SO SENILE THAT I DON'T REMEMBER HOW IT FELT WHEN I ***LOST*** HIM.

YOU'RE A STRONGER BOY THAN I GIVE YOU CREDIT FOR SOMETIMES. I ***KNOW*** YOU'LL GET BY.

IT'S FUNNY... THERE WAS A ***TRICK*** I TAUGHT MYSELF AFTER MY BENJAMIN PASSED AWAY IT INVOLVED PUTTING ON OUR OLD RECORDS AND CLOSING MY EYES AND IMAGINING I WAS DANCING WITH ***HIM***, JUST AS IF HE WERE HERE IN THE ROOM WITH ME.

...when we're out together
dancing cheek to cheek...

YOU SEE?

MM-HMM...

UNCLE BEN WAS RIGHT, YOU KNOW --

ABOUT *WHAT*, DEAR?

ABOUT *YOU*. HE ALWAYS SAID YOU HAD TWO LEFT FEET. ACCORDING TO HIM, YOU WERE THE WORST DANCER IN THE *UNIVERSE*. I THINK I HAVE THE BRUISES TO PROVE IT.

OOH, YOU LITTLE *IMP!* BUT DID HE ALSO TELL YOU HOW ACCURATE I AM WITH A *DISHCLOTH?*

HMM? WHAT --?

SNAP

OW!

LATE AFTERNOON.

SOMEWHERE AROUND QUITTING TIME.

WINE Mobile

YEAH, SURE. YOU TRY TELLING THAT TO A BUNCH OF ANGRY MIMES.

POLICE

HAWW... HEHH...!
-AH-HEHH...-

OHH, GOD, AH-HEHH...! YOU GUYS ARE TOO *PRICELESS.*

...AND *YOU* -- SHOULDN'T THAT GUN HAVE A *SILENCER?*

OKAY, YOU STAY THERE AND PRETEND YOU'RE, LIKE, *CAPTURED*, OR SOMETHING...

IT'S A GREAT DAY TO BE ME -- THE SUN IS UP, THE BIRDS ARE SINGING... AND I JUST HAPPENED UPON THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO TRY OUT SOME NEW MATERIAL.

Jewelry STORE

I MEAN, THESE GUYS ARE JUST *ASKING* FOR IT --

SO WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, BOYS? OH, WAIT... I'M SUPPOSED TO *GUESS*, RIGHT?

OKAY... WHAT'S THAT -- *SATIRE?* POLITICAL *HUMOR?*

"HELP, I'M HAVING AN EXISTENTIAL CRISIS"?

I GOT IT -- "HIT ME, I'M A MIME!"

THOK

THANKYEW, THANKYEW... I'LL BE HERE ALL WEEK! YOU'VE BEEN A *CAPTIVE* AUDIENCE! THANKYEW!

"CAPTIVE AUDIENCE"? MAN... THAT'S *HORRENDOUS* --!

Spidey X

EARLY EVENING.

DINNERTIME.

TIME WELL-SPENT IN THE COMPANY OF FRIENDS.

IT'S BEEN A WHILE, AMIGO. WHERE'VE YOU *BEEN?*

HAD TO TAKE CARE OF SOME *PERSONAL* STUFF, AMIGO... LAUNDRY, SOUL-SEARCHING -- THAT KIND OF THING.

NOTHING BAD, I HOPE?

OH, *YOU* KNOW... NOTHING *GOOD.*

WELL, WHATEVER IT WAS, WE'RE REAL GLAD TO HAVE YOU *BACK.*

IT'S GOOD TO *BE* BACK, I GUESS. IT'S JUST TAKING A BIT OF GETTING *USED* TO, WHAT WITH ALL THAT'S HAPPENED WHILE I WAS AWAY.

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT'S FUNNY?

APART FROM A GANG OF MIMES?

WELL, YEAH... APART FROM THAT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME... IT HIT ME KINDA *HARD*, TORCH -- I'M ONLY NOW JUST GETTING BACK INTO THE SWING OF THINGS. I *LOST* SOMEONE VERY DEAR TO ME.

AN', I WAS WONDERIN' SOMETHING...

...D' YOU THINK I COULD ASK YOU FOR SOME *ADVICE*?

SURE. SHOOT.

I'VE BEEN GOING OVER AND OVER THIS IN MY MIND: WHEN'S THE RIGHT TIME TO MOVE *ON*?

WHEN DO YOU SAY IT'S OKAY TO BE NORMAL AGAIN AFTER SOMETHING REALLY *BAD* HAPPENS?

THERE'S THIS... *THING* I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO FOR A LONG TIME -- I MEAN A *REAL* LONG TIME. I NEVER HAD THE STONES TO DO IT BEFORE NOW.

THIS THING WAS REALLY *IMPORTANT* TO ME -- IT'S SOMETHING I PUT OFF FOR FAR TOO LONG. THE... *PERSON* I LOST: I WAS GONNA DO IT FOR *HER* --

HEY, YOU STILL *WOULD* BE DOING IT FOR HER. YOU REALLY SHOULD *LISTEN* TO ME, Y'KNOW, 'CAUSE I'M A LOT SMARTER AND WAY PRETTIER THAN YOU ARE.

WHATEVER THIS BIG "THING" IS, I SAY, "*GO* FOR IT."

BEDTIME.

WAY PAST, AS A MATTER OF FACT.

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE *LISTENED* TO HIM.

I MEAN, WHAT WAS I *THINKING?* THERE'S NO WAY I CAN GO THROUGH WITH THIS... IT'S NOT THE RIGHT TIME.

I CAN'T DO IT. I CAN'T *DO* IT! I SHOULD JUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE --

C'MON, PETE... IT'S NOT GONNA *KILL* YOU. IT'LL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT...

LAYDEEZ AND GENTLEMEN...

...INTRODUCIN'... FOR THE FIRST TIME ON STAGE, SCREEN, AND ANYWHERE IN BETWEEN...

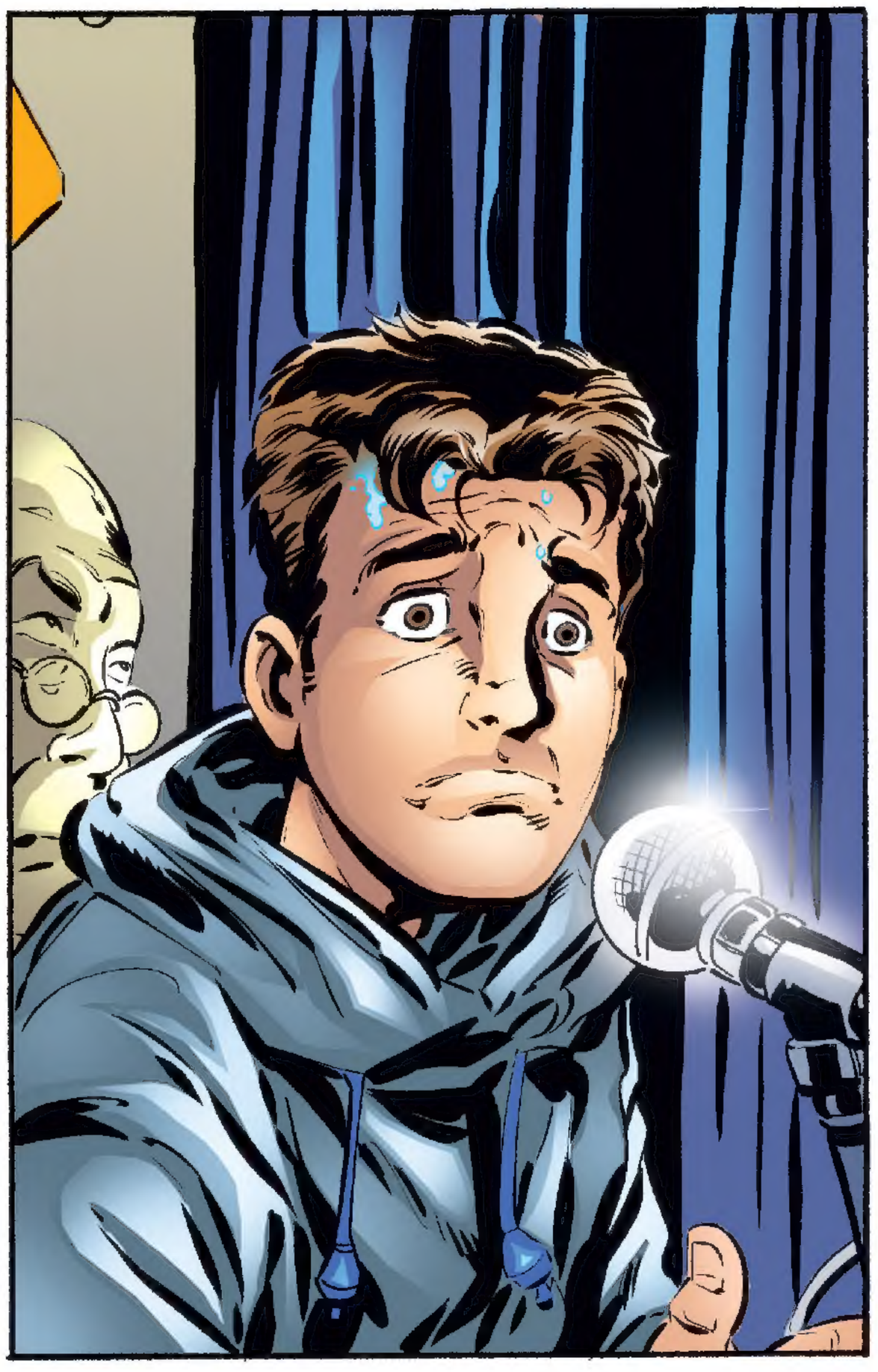
...THE COMEDY STYLINGS OF MISTER PETER *PARKER!*

COMEDY BOX

COMEDY BOX

OPEN MIKE NIGHT!

SO, UH... THIS FRIEND OF MINE, HE'S A *MIME,* AN' THEY JUST SENT HIM TO JAIL...
...IT WAS A WHEAT FIELD OUTSIDE OF BUFFALO WITH A BIG SIGN SAYING, "PRETEND YOU ARE IN PRISON!"



NEXT ISSUE:

THE SANDMAN!